Pal. Tis in our power,
(Vnleſſe we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
Be Maſters of our manners: what neede I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of ſpeech, when by mine owne
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follow̄es his Taylor, haply ſo long untill
The follow'd, make purſuit? or let me know,
Why mine owne Barber is unbleſt, with him
My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iuſt
To ſuch a Favorites glaſſe: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the ſtreete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the Teame, or I am none
That draw i'th ſequent trace: theſe poore ſleight ſores,
Neede not a plantin; That which rips my boſome
Almoſt to'th heart's,
Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon.*
Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded Tyrant, whoſe ſucceſſes
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany aſſured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almoſt puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance, who onely attributes
The faculties of other Inſtruments
To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men ſervice,
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's ſibbe to him, be ſuckt
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption.
Arc. Cleere ſpirited Cozen
Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing ſhare,
Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will reliſh of the paſtur
Be vile, or diſobedient, n
In blood, unleſſe in quality
Pal. Nothing truer:
I thinke the Ecchoes of
The eares of heav'nly Iuſ
Deſcend againe into their
Due audience of the God
Val. The King cais f
Till his great rage be off
He broke his whipſtock
The Horſes of the Sun, b
The lowdeneſſe of his F
Pal. Small windes ſh
But whats the matter?
Val. Theſeus (who wh
Deadly defyance to him,
Ruine to Thebs, who is a
The promiſe of his wrat
Arc. Let him approach
But that we feare the Go
A jot of terrour to us; Y
Thirds his owne worth
When that his actions d
Tis bad he goes about.
Pal. Leave that unreaſ
Our ſervices ſtand now
Yet to be neutrall to him
Rebellious to oppoſe: th
With him ſtand to the m
Who hath bounded our
Arc. So we muſt;
Iſt ſed this warres afoot
On faile of ſome conditi
Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of ſtate
With the defier.

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